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Agricultural.

GREASY MERINOS.

Mr. Woodward has a Fling at Them.

Mr. J. S. Woodward, in a recent issue of the *N. Y. Tribune*, is disgruntled because breeders of Merino sheep insist on paying too much attention to gross weight of fleece to the exclusion of more profitable characteristics. He says:

"My attention was lately called to the abundant enthusiasm of a writer over the very great improvement made in sheep in the past 50 years, and citing as instances the weight of fleeces produced the past season. A Michigan sheep had shorn a fleece over 41 pounds; a New York one, 40 pounds; a yearling, 32 pounds; and a ewe, one weighing nearly 27 pounds, and the writer urged every one to try and produce 'such wonderful fleeces.' I wonder if he did not know that fully seven-eighths of the very heavy fleeces are only grease, dirt and yolk, and are produced at great expense to the vitality of the sheep; that it takes as much feed to produce four pounds of these utterly worthless products as one pound of the finest wool; that two pounds of meat, and knowing this fact that he did not frankly say so in his article. I wonder how long the craze for wrinkles, grease and yolk will continue before some man will show sufficient independence, energy and practical utility to strike out in a new departure and try what can be done in breeding sheep, first for wool and secondly for mutton, and as now, first for grease, secondly for wool and thirdly for mutton."

"Of course I am aware that a certain quantity of grease and yolk are necessary for the best good of the wool of sheep; to keep the wool in the finest condition, and to protect the sheep from the vicissitudes of the weather, but that six or seven pounds of these to the pound of wool are not necessary is clearly proven by other breeds of sheep, and it is the absurd kind of nonsense to extol such sheep as produce so large a proportion of these, and to urge people to breed them. I fully believe it is possible and very practicable to produce a staple, longer, finer and stronger than any Merino wool now grown and in twice the weight of pure wool to the fleece, and yet not to have it as now so utterly buried in such a large proportion of grease and yolk that must be all cleaned out and wasted. It is folly to waste so much of the energies of the sheep in producing such worthless products, and great efforts should be made to change the fashion for sheep breeding is largely a matter of fashion. The sheep breeders' associations and State agricultural societies owe it to themselves and the people to effect this change, and ought by discrimination in prizes to encourage the production of more wool and less grease; yet what is the fact? I have examined a large number of premium lists, and they all offer liberal premiums for 'fineness of fleece,' 'length of staple,' and for 'weight of fleece,' but not one of them for a large proportion of cleaned wool to fleece produced."

"This is all wrong. Where \$30 is offered as the ordinary premium, at least \$100 should be offered for the ram or ewe producing the largest amount of cleaned staple and fineness of fleece. Such a premium, together with the honor of producing such a sheep, would exert a powerful influence, and I am confident would show of what American breeders have accomplished in the past fifty years, and there has certainly been great improvement; the yield of wool has been doubled, and to-day American Merinos are greatly superior to any sheep in the world as wool producers; but we should not be content with what has been done, and I fully believe with our increased knowledge, twenty years or less of systematic breeding in the right direction and with the proper result in view, would give us a race of American Merinos truly worthy of the name, producing twice or more the yield of clean wool now grown and not one-half as much grease and yolk. What society and what man shall be the pioneers in this good work?"

We have many times and often read just such articles as the above, and know a little about how nonsensical they are. In fact Mr. Woodward answers his own objections very completely when he says that he is "proud of what American breeders have accomplished in the past 50 years, and there has certainly been great improvement; the yield of wool has been doubled, and to-day American Merinos are greatly superior to any sheep in the world as wool producers." And we feel convinced that had breeders followed the advice of Mr. Woodward, instead of trusting to their own judgment and experi-

ence, he would not have such facts upon which to congratulate the wool-growers. The Merino sheep of Germany, France and America all originated from the same source. The Germans followed the theories of Mr. Woodward, and let us see what a trade paper, the *Journal of Fables*, has to say about the result:

"Introduced into Germany in the latter part of the eighteenth century, it rapidly gained in favor. Its improvement as a fine-wooled sheep was enthusiastically pursued, till its fleece became of exquisite fineness and delicacy, far surpassing anything ever before attained and even attempted. The delicacy of fleece was accompanied by delicacy of physical constitution, and lightness of fleece; but these were not compensations for the extreme fineness of the wool and its increased commercial value."

Would the American Merino be "greatly superior to any sheep in the world as wool producers" if our breeders had followed such a policy? The French breeders pursued a different course. They wanted a large plain bodied sheep, the fleece more open and less oily and longer staple. Let us see how they succeeded, as stated by M. Bernardin, Superintendent of the Rambouillet flock, whom we quote in another article in this issue, and at the same time consider what he says about folds and wrinkles, a necessary concomitant of an oily fleece:

"Very much folded animals which furnish a superabundance of wool are sometimes weakened in their constitutions and appear as though exhausted by this exaggerated production of wool."

"But apart from these very exceptional cases, and which never represent one per cent, the folded animals are very hardy, very resistant and are capable of supporting privation."

"Folds on sheep imply closer, more settled wool, fibres closer to each other and stronger, and indicate a more abundant fleece, notwithstanding the wool is shorter. The fleece of folded animals covers all parts of the body more completely than that of subjects without folds; it is better closed externally, that is to say, it is with more difficulty penetrated by dust, seeds, etc., which may annoy the animal and soil or alter the wool. Folds on Merinos are, above all, found about the neck, in front of the shoulders; to prescribe them would, therefore, be to exclude the best wool producers."

Now, will Mr. Woodward tell us why to-day the French and German Merinos are not satisfactory to their own breeders, and are ignored by the wool-growers of Australia and the Cape of Good Hope, when seeking for something to improve their flocks, if it is not because they have bred in an opposite direction from American breeders? Is it fashion that brings men thousands of miles to make purchases of animals at high prices, to improve their flocks? Or do not those men expect to get their money back with interest when they make such purchases? Why do they not hunt up some of the light fleeced Saxons bucks of Washington County, Pennsylvania, rather than the heavy shearers of Vermont, New York and Michigan? But perhaps Mr. Woodward knows more about wool-growing than those men who have been engaged in it a life-time.

As to the Michigan ram that cut 41 lbs and over, let Mr. W. come and examine his lambs. He will have to admit that at least he can produce handsome lambs as well as dirt and grease.

This old story of too much oil always catches new beginners. But the purchase and use of a single dry fleeced ram converts them in a twinkling. Facts are stubborn things, while theories are being upset every day in the week.

SHORTHORNS FOR MICHIGAN.

The auction sale of Short-horns by Chauncey Hills of Delaware, Ohio, on the 18th inst. was a very fair one. Thirty-seven head were disposed of, 24 of which were cows and heifers and 13 bulls. The females averaged \$221, and the bulls \$140 per head. Of those sold seven head came to Michigan. P. W. Lewis of Medina, E. G. Luce of Gilead, and Wm. Clark of Howell, were the purchasers. Their selections were as follows:

P. W. Lewis—Yearling bull Royal Duke 2d by 23d Royal Duke of Airdrie (41350), out of 2d Miss Wiley Duchess by Mazurka Red Rose 27355; 2d dam, Miss Wiley Duchess by Mazurka's Duke of Airdrie (37086), tracing to imported Miss Hudson by Hermes (8145), bred by Mr. Wiley of England. This bull is red in color and his breeding is excellent. We can congratulate Mr. Lewis on his acquisition.

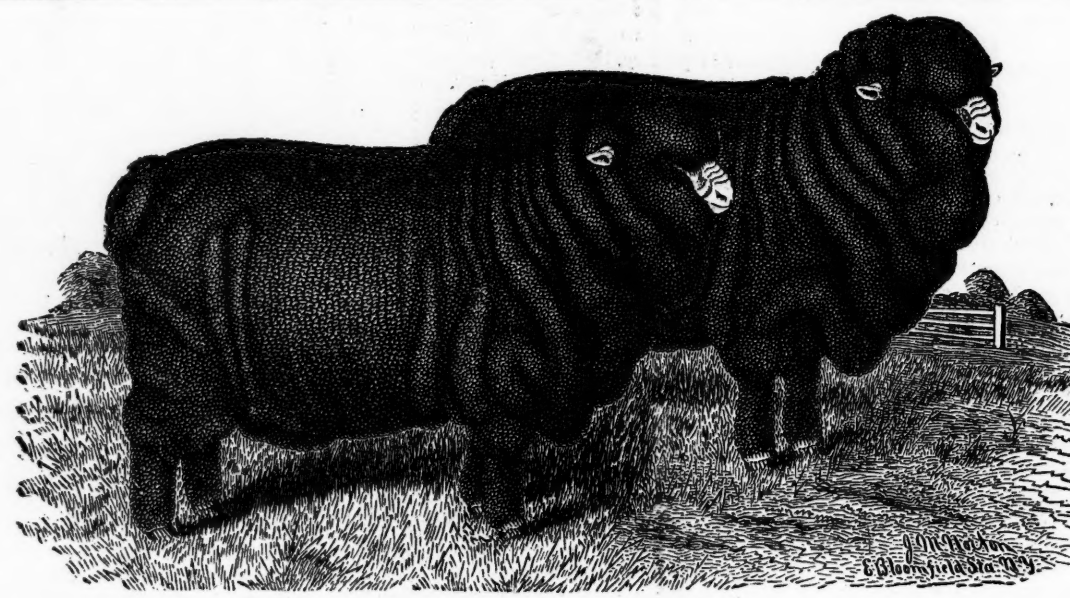
Wm. Clark—Royal Duke, a yearling; by 23d Duke of Airdrie (41350) out of Miss Wiley Duchess by Mazurka's Duke of Airdrie 27355; 2d dam, Miss Wiley Duchess by Mazurka's Duke of Airdrie 16994.

E. G. Luce—Miss Wiley Duchess, red and white cow, eight years old, bred by C. Hills; sire, Mazurka's Duke of Airdrie 37086; dam, Miss Wiley 29th by 19th Duke of Airdrie 16,994; tracing to imported Miss Hudson by Hermes (8145) bred by Mr. Wiley of England.

Duchess Red Rose 2d, roan cow five years old; sire, Mazurka's Red Rose Duke 27355; dam, Duchess Red Rose by King Red Rose 26971, 2d dam, Imperial Duchess by Duke Imperial (36456); tracing to Rose of Sharon by Belvedere (1708); also cow calf dropped June 18, 1883, by Royal Victor 43827.

Airdrie Blossom, red roan cow four years old; sire, Belfield Airdrie 2d 42-851; dam, Branch Beauty 2d by Young Starlight 7423; 2d dam, Branch Beauty by Duke of Richmond 2784; tracing to imported Blossom by Fitz Favorite (1-043).

Crystal Queen 21st, red and white yearling heifer; sire, King Mazurka 35513; dam, Crystal Queen 7th by Mazurka's



Pure Atwood Ewes. Bred and Owned by A. D. Taylor, Romeo, Macomb Co., Mich.

Duke of Airdrie 37086; 2d dam, Imperial Duchess by Duke Imperial (36456); tracing to Rose of Sharon by Belvedere 1708. In calf by imported Grand Duke of Barrington 2d (46443).

This gives Mr. Luce the foundation for a good herd, and we are pleased to see them go to a portion of the State where they do a great deal of good. Besides the Short-horns, Mr. Hills sold \$555 worth of Shropshire-down sheep, \$666 of Shropshire and Southdown mixed, and \$1,000 worth of horses. The entire receipts of the sale footed up \$9,553.50. Col. L. P. Muir officiated as auctioneer.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 29, 1883.

To the Editor Michigan Farmer.
If you deem it of sufficient interest to your readers please answer the following queries through the MICHIGAN FARMER and greatly oblige.

First.—Will carbonate of lime answer the same purpose in a compost of green muck and half-rotted manure as quick lime?

Second.—What quantity of either per two horse loads is essential to best results?

Third.—Is there anyone in this section of the State who is extensively and successfully engaged in the raising of celery?

Fourth.—Is there a reliable work published on celery culture, and if so by whom?

Yours very truly,

H. B. JONES.

First.—There is a great deal involved in this question which a single "yes" or "no" does not bring out. In the case of either answer being given there must be some reason for deciding the question which should go along with the answer to make it of general interest.

The inference drawn from the third and fourth questions is that this correspondent contemplates going into the celery business, and that this compost is to be used on wet, mucky land and not upon dry upland. There are some other questions which are necessary to understand before the case can be intelligently met and answered: First, Is neutralizing the acidity in the muck the principal motive for applying the lime, or second, is the lime only intended to add to the fertility of the compost. Third.—Has fermentation entirely ceased in the half-rotted manure.

If neutralizing the acidity is the object of applying the lime and fermentation has ceased in the manure, then quicklime is best as the object is attained soonest in that way; but if fermentation has not entirely ceased the addition of caustic lime to the heap will start fermentation anew and destroy or dry away much of the fertility in the manure. A mixture of fermenting manure and green muck alone would have the same effect upon the muck as the addition of lime—that of sweetening it and rendering it suitable for plant food.

If the lime is intended to add to the fertility of the heap primarily, then the carbonate of lime is best. In this mild state it has no sensible effect in expelling the ammonia of decomposing manure. Carbonate of lime appears in so many different forms that it is difficult to determine which way to advise in its application. The probabilities are against the supposition that the correspondent has the appliances for grinding lime rock to apply it in the form of fine dust, and it is not probable that calcareous or shell sand exists in any large quantity in the vicinity of Dexter, so that marl must be the kind of lime intended to be incorporated with the compost in the carbonate form. The action of quicklime soon expended in the soil from its mingling with the water—descending beyond the reach of plants. The effect which time will produce can only be determined by actual experiment. It may be that his soil is already charged with lime in sufficient quantity for all the purposes of plant growth; in such an event the largest application will have no visible effect on plant growth, but in the absence of lime in any form mucky soils must respond readily to either form.

The amount of either form of lime which is necessary for the purpose must be determined largely by experiment. Perhaps a bushel of quicklime to the two horse load will be sufficient to reduce an extreme acid form of muck to a condition suitable for his purpose, but if the carbonate form is used much more will be necessary, influenced by the degree of fineness in which it can be applied, and to the purity of the carbonate as it is dug or prepared. The portion of lime which plants require for their growth and perfect development and maturity is undetermined, but every plant is composed of, and must require some small amount of lime. A soil that averages only two-tenths of one per cent. will contain at a depth of six inches 3,500 lbs to the acre. On the supposition that this correspondent wishes to use the lime compost on upland deficient in lime for the production of grain, it will require this amount per acre to bring it up to the minimum amount necessary for the production of crops. If my memory is not at fault, the analysis of Prof. Kedzie of the soils from many of the counties of the State a few years ago showed that there was no lack of lime in the soils which were submitted for his test. These soil analyses were, I believe, from the northern or newer portions of the State, and what the needs of the long tilted sections are, can only be determined by actual experiment; such as is contemplated by this correspondent. Prof. Johnson, the English chemist, says: "The more dry and shallow the soil, the more light and sandy, the less abundant in vegetable matter, and the drier and warmer the climate in which it is situated, the less the quantity of lime the prudent farmer will mix with it." This statement will only apply to our poorest sandy soils; how its application to the rich loamy soils of the State will effect production is yet to be determined. The opinion prevails in the older countries of Europe that marls mixed and composted with manure are more readily assimilated by the growing crops than by their application in any other form. The properties of both are rendered more active by this mixture. A much smaller quantity of lime applied in this form will have an equal effect. While lying in a state of mixture, those chemical changes which lime either induces or promotes, have to a certain extent taken place, and thus the sensible effect of the lime becomes apparent in a shorter time after it is applied.

INQUIRIES ABOUT HOGS AND SHEEP.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Having seen inquiries from subscribers in reference to farm matters, I send the following:

1. Which would be advisable, to sell pigs that are now 16 weeks old and growing finely, or fat, and sell them for pork as quickly as possible?

2. Is the crop of beans light this year? If so, will they be likely to bring higher prices than last year?

3. What are the distinctive characteristics of the French and Spanish Merino sheep? (a) Their comparative size? (b) Which the more hardy? (c) Which the heavier shearer? (d) Which the better adapted to our locality?

Respectfully,

M. A. RION.

1. At present hogs are selling at low prices, the receipts having been largely in excess of last season up to this time. The character of the receipts, however, goes to show that many farmers are selling now because they have lost their corn crop, and prefer to sell their hogs rather than purchase corn. It is generally believed that when the regular packing season opens—November 1st—good, well fattened hogs will be in active demand at higher range of prices. If, therefore, you have such hogs as you refer to, it would, in our opinion, be best to feed them well and sell later. If there is any scarcity in hog markets February or March, and it now appears probable there will be, prices will advance sharply. With these ideas of the situation placed before you, it devolves upon you to say whether it is for your interest to sell or hold.

2. The crop of beans is very light in this State, the early frosts having hurt it badly. The same is true in regard to Western New York, where large amounts are grown, and the market has already advanced considerably.

3. The French Merino differs from the Spanish in being larger in every way, rams weighing from 200 to 250 pounds when full grown, and the ewes from 125 to 155 pounds, with plain bodies, and few folds and wrinkles. The weights of fleece, however, do not come up to the highest average of the American Merino. They have had more attention paid to their mutton than their wool-growing qualities. They were originally of the same blood, and it has been the different ideas of the breeders of the two countries that have changed their characteristics. The French breeder wanted a sheep that would give a large carcass for the butcher, and they have been bred to that end. American breeders wanted a sheep that would grow more pounds of wool in proportion to its live weight. The American Merino is a better forager, and will stand up better under the treatment usually given flocks among farmers than the French will. The French Merinos, as now bred, have a large, smooth body, few or no wrinkles, and none of the heavy folds of the American, and to all intents and purposes may be considered as a mutton rather than a wool-growing breed. As to weight of fleece, it is difficult to get records of the French flocks, but those imported into this country some years ago sheared less a head than well bred Americans, while two of the latter could be kept as easily as one of them. As to this State, the French Merino has never been tested, and it is therefore assuming somewhat to give an opinion; but judging from the characteristics of each, the manner in which they have been bred and cared for, we feel confident that the American Merino is the sheep for the ordinary farmer in this locality. If you want mutton sheep, and have the facilities and knowledge of how to care for them, the Down breeds will suit you better than the French Merino. In this connection we give the following extracts from a translation of the answer of M. Bernardin, director of the celebrated Rambouillet flock of French Merinos, in answer to questions by Mr. W. G. Markham, relative to the history, breeding and management of that flock:

"I generally find it wrong to prefer a large animal to a small one."

"Sheep giving large and heavy fleeces are everywhere in demand; but the mistake is sometimes made of attaching importance simply to the absolute weight of the fleece, making no comparison between the weight of the wool and that of the

animal. It is thus that some persons who seek Merinos even with reference to wool alone, prefer a buck of 264 pounds, giving seventeen and six-tenths pounds of wool to another of 133 pounds which furnishes a fleece of sixteen and five-tenths pounds, saying that the first gives more wool than the second, taking no account of the respective weights of the subjects."

"I have always combated, and shall shall always combat such reasoning, because a Merino of 133 pounds, with its sixteen and five-tenths pounds of wool, is far superior to that of 264 pounds with a fleece of seventeen and six-tenths. In fact, in pasture two small Merinos of 133 pounds will live easily upon the space required by a single buck of 264 pounds, and they will give 33 pounds of wool each year, against seventeen and six-tenths pounds furnished by the large buck."

"Let us consider the sheep at Rambouillet according to the quantity of wool they give each year for 100 of their weight, and we would say that according to the preceding hypothesis, Merinos of 133 pounds furnish twelve and five-tenths per cent of wool, while the larger sheep of 264 pounds gave but six and six-tenths hundredths per cent. This latter is therefore inferior to the other with the special regard in question. I profess the opinion that a Merino, strong and well constituted, with large, short legs, head also large and short, and body low, with proper ancestors, can scarcely ever be too small; because the smaller subject the more hardy they will be, and the more wool they will give in proportion to their weight."

"Another advantage of small Merinos is that they are more fertile, and are long lived. They are better adapted to mutton, and the creation of flocks. Importance is given and will always be given, to the length of the wool. However, this consideration is of less importance since it is now possible to comb relatively short wools."

"Fine wool is also sought after; but extreme fineness does not outweigh all other considerations, since it has become possible to spin fine with average wools. And since extreme fineness excludes abundance of fleece, a heavy fleece of strong wool and average fineness is preferred."

As to the amount of scoured wool in the fleece of each, we quote from the same answer the statement of M. Bernardin in regard to the flock at Rambouillet:

"Purchasers of wool (and they have no interest in exaggerating the yield) declare that the fleece comprising the whole of the wool, (body, belly, legs, head, etc.) yields, according to the year, 30 to 35 per cent of white scoured wool. This is the same proportion as when the animals arrived from Spain in 1876."

In referring to this statement Mr. Chapman, in the Vermont Merino Register says that the average yield of scoured from a lot of heavy Vermont wools, as shown by the books of a manufacturing establishment, is even better than this, while the per cent of scoured wool to weight of carcass is about double. You can draw your own conclusions from the above as to the relative value of the French and American Merino for Michigan.

For the Michigan Farmer.

PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

In pursuance of the duties assigned us we have endeavored to impress upon all that we have met while "On the Wing" that the primary object was to increase the circulation of the FARMER and that our "Pencil Sketches" were but a side-issue. With this apology to those we have visited and who may have thought they were neglected, we will resume and conclude our trip through Wayne and Oakland Counties.

In Livonia we found our friend J. C. Chilson, who owns 160 acres of land, and with him looked over some parts of it. A portion of the farm is level, with light soil, from the balance more rolling, with some clay, and better adapted to heavier farming. We find that he has been breeding Berkshires for the last five years, that his first purchase was a boar and sow each three months old, and bred by John Snell's Sons, of Edmonton, Ont. The boar, Lord Manchester, was sired by Sir Dorchester Cardiff (691), with Snell's Lass (1538) for dam. The sow Sallie Sunbeam was sired by imported Royal Tombs (893), the most noted hog ever imported into this State, and which had Liverpool Duchess (1556) for dam. Sir Dorchester Cardiff (691) was bred by Heber Humphrey of Berkshire, Eng. He weighed over 800 lbs. in fair condition, was seven feet six inches in length and had the dished face as prominent as any hog ever bred. He took five first premiums, and his sire, Leamington, was in all respects a wonderful hog. Here we see Young America, coming to, with Sallie Sunbeam for dam and Duke of Balmoral, bred by A. A. McArthur of Lobo, Ont., for sire; also eight months old sow Sallie Lass, bred by Snell's Sons; and boar Pride of the West, of Mr. Chilson's own breeding, that is a beauty, with some youngsters in the pens that are remarkably fine and worthy of special notice. Mr. C. has taken first premium at State Fairs, and ranks high as a breeder. We saw on this farm some horse stock worthy of a look over, particularly the eight year old bay mare who took "first" at Jackson last year, a three-year-old bay mare from an imported Clydesdale, and a yearling by Romulus that does him no credit as a sire.

H. J. Smith owns 320 acres that is well adapted to mixed farming. On this farm is a lot of good grade cows and a Short-horn bull, coming three years old, good size and color, bred by the McPhersons of Howell, which gets stock up to his own standard. Mr. S. has some Suffolks bred

in from Leland of Superior, and Wm. Smith of Detroit, and a well bred Yorkshire boar from Phelps of Okemos, Ing-ham Co., now 17 months old.

One of the finest homes in this town is that of E. C. Leach, who thoroughly takes care of his 300 acre farm. In his pastures we saw 38 excellent grade cows. We found Mr. L. absent, to our regret, for we wished to procure from him some facts and figures of the business of the cheese factory of which he is the agent.

Daniel Johnson, one of the solid, reliable farmers of this part of this blessed land, showed us a Poland-China boar and sow of Levi Arnold's breeding and some Short-horn stock of the Brooks blood, that do credit to both their breeders and owners.

Wm. Allen is the manager of and the one who takes care of and gives its reputation to the Livonia cheese factory, where the milk of 300 cows has to be taken care of daily. Sometime in the near future we intend to visit the celebrated cheese factories of this locality and give a full description of them. Mr. A. has some little time for other pursuits, we infer, as we saw here a fine Hambletonian mare, a yearling and a suckling, all of good promise.

While driving in company with Mr. Chilson over this part of the country, we met Mr. B. F. Grace, who has for years been identified with all that there is of Farmington—for years the leading merchant, supervisor, farmer, and for many years a reader of the MICHIGAN FARMER. His farm of 280 acres is level, in some portions of light soil and therefore easily worked and well adapted for a stock farm. A heavy run over it gives us a passing glance of some fine wool Merinos, of Leicesters and Southdowns, some of Hambletonian blood mares that have been bred to Bashaw and Jim Fisk, of sucklings, of one, two, three and four year olds, beside the heavy Percherons that quietly sniff the air and look at us, and convince us that the owner of all this stock and of those broad acres with a handsome brick residence, is most pleasantly situated.

John Hardenbergh of Farmington, has been mulling for years, but started out two years ago with a venture of thoroughbred Berkshire hogs for breeding purposes. We believe he started well, for he made his first purchase from J. C. Chilson of Livonia, of a boar and sow 10 months old. We saw some of the increase in their pens, and we believe from his love of this stock and his push that he will soon come to the front as a breeder. As we drift in our wanderings into the vicinity of Novi we find that A. N. Kimmis still runs his big farm of 600 acres, which for years was considered "the best farm in these 'ere parts," as a Yankee would express it. It certainly is a good farm, and produces, under the management of its energetic owner, rich returns for the labor and the seed plowed and harrowed into its soil. It is well stocked with sheep and cattle, there being over 700 fine grade sheep nipping the nutritious grass, and as we look at the grade cattle we wonder why their owner lost his interest in the thoroughbreds that used to roam over his fields.

At Wixom Station, on the F. & P. M. R. R., we were nicely entertained by Mr. Willard C. Wixom at his elegant home, and with him looked over the fine herd of Short-horns of which he is the owner; but as they were exhibited at the State and Saginaw Fairs, where they were admired by the thousands who saw them, and from which they returned home with their share of laurels, we will omit any description of them, and only add that one of the conditions in the success of his breeding is the fact that he has a particular love for this stock; and that while he has indulged in it as a pastime he has united pleasure and profit in the business, and that to-day he ranks as one of the best breeders in the State. Mr. Wixom, from whom the village was named, is a very active business man; not only is he extensively engaged in breeding and farming, but is one of the principal grain buyers of the place.

Could we add any laurels to the brow of A. S. Brooks, of Wixom, we would gladly do so, but his name and fame are household words, to which we could add naught; but we shall not forget his kindness and attention as he showed his stock, his pleasant home and splendid farm.

John Patton, a half mile east of Wixom village, has a small farm pleasantly situated and is one of the most practical farmers in this locality; has his farm well fenced, good barn, and is quite interested in elevating the standard of stock, as he has some cows and young stock bred in from the best bulls of A. S. Brooks and W. C. Wixom, and some grade and registered fine wool Merinos, with a yearling buck from Sprague's Centennial and a buck with a Peerless ewe for dam and Bamber's Pony for sire. This flock are heavy shearers and have some among them of undoubted merit.

One mile west of Wixom is 124 acres of magnificent land, which has been lived upon for 19 years and brought to its productiveness by its owners, the Lake Brothers, and not content with this they have in addition acquired a high reputation as breeders of fine wool sheep. We saw their fine stock ram No. 49, bred by Mr. McCauley, of Vermont.

(Continued on eighth page.)

Horse Matters.

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

The first exhibition of the National Horse Show Association opened in Madison Square Garden, New York City, on Monday last week. The entries were 400—about the same as the Michigan State Fair. Of the 400 entries, 375 were for regular premiums. The thoroughbreds only numbered nine, while the trotters numbered 39. In roadsters there were 47 entries. Among the parties who entered horses were J. R. Keene, General Grant, Edwin Thorne, Wm. Rockefeller, and other well known public men. J. R. Keene's thoroughbred stallion Spindrift, was awarded first in his class, and also received a \$300 special prize offered by the Coney Island Jockey Club to the best thoroughbred stallion. For thoroughbred brood mares, first prize was awarded J. R. Keene's Phyllis, second to Augustus Schermerhorn's Spirit. First prize, \$200, for stallions kept for service who are over three years, Thorne's, owned by Edwin Thorne, Mill Brook, N. Y., second prize, \$100, to Alcantara, owned by Eliza Smith of Lynn, Mass. First prize for stallions four years old and over was given to Simmons, owned by W. H. Wilson, Abdallah park, Cynthiana, Ky. First prize for stallions three years old and under four to Wm. Tull, owned by L. M. Payne, Hillsdale, Mass. For brood mares, second prize, to Floxy, owned by Eliza Smith. Mares four years old and over, first prize to Lady De Jarnette, owned by W. H. Wilson. Mares three years old and under four, first prize to Maggie Collins, owned by P. C. Collins, New York. There were five entries for stallions one year old and under two. The first prize was given to Proctor, owned by Cyrus Bosworth of Cleveland. In the class for roadsters, mare or geldings four years old and over, the first prize was taken by Brizgoli, the property of William Rockefeller of Cleveland. Gen. Grant entered a pair of Arabian horses, receiving a second prize. The show is regarded as a success for a first attempt.

Weaning the Colts.

Says the *Pittsburg Stockman* on this subject: "More colts are weaned at this season of the year than at any other time, consequently more careful attention should be given them just now. The habit of penning the young things up in some close stall or room in the barn in order to keep them from injuring themselves in attempting to get to their dams when in sight or hearing distance is entirely too prevalent among our farmers. At best and under the most careful treatment it is a hard time in a colt's life, and is not calculated to put it in a very proper condition for the coming winter. The change of food and the loss of the nourishment which was received from the mother, taken together with the worry and restlessness which naturally follow, generally weakens the system and reduces the colt in flesh, and that at the beginning of a season in which the most strength is needed. When the matter of weaning is properly looked after this change need not be so sudden as to seriously affect the colt. Making too sudden a change is the great mistake of many. A colt can be taught to eat almost everything that a grown horse will eat before it need be deprived of its mother's milk, and it should be so taught in every case. If circumstances will permit, the dam and offspring should be separated such a distance that they will be unable to see or hear each other. By so doing they will sooner cease worrying after each other. Every precaution should be taken against the growth of the colt being retarded at this critical point in its life. Nature is never at a standstill, and when a young animal is not improving it must be receding; hence the necessity of keeping it moving in the right direction. Particular pains should be taken to see that young horses, and especially weanlings, go into winter quarters in good condition."

Turf and Track.

Vassar, Tuscola Co., has been indulging in a trotting match, with fair success considering the late date at which it was held.

In the 2:30 pacing race at the Chicago meeting, the driver of Billy M. managed to have the horse beaten, but was detected in his crookedness, and he and his horse expelled. The evidence was clear and positive.

At the Chester Park, Cincinnati, meeting last week, in the free for all pacers race, Westmont won in three straight heats, Flora Belle second, Richland distanced; time, 2:41, 2:36½, 2:38½. The track was very heavy, but the time was a good deal better than the track.

At Newmarket last week, in the new runner stakes (handicap), P. Lorillard's Pontiac ran, and was third at the close. Tombola won. For the Houghton handicap J. R. Keene's Bolero was third, Brag winning. The American horses are not adding to their laurels at the English autumn meetings.

Thurman was an extra day at the Chicago Driving Park on Tuesday last, to conclude the fall meeting. Jay-Eye-See was to attempt to beat Maud S's best time, and the pacer Johnson, that of Little Brown Jug. The track was in bad condition, owing to recent rains, and soft on the inside, compelling drivers to go ten feet from the pole. The weather was so cold that spectators shivered in overcoats, a chilly wind from the northeast making fast time impossible. Jay-Eye-See was first called out, and given a warming up heat in 2:37½, and then was sent simply a good mile without any heat of beating the time, the mile being done in 1:15½. The pacer Johnson then essayed to beat Little Brown Jug's time for three heats, viz.: 2:11½, 2:15½, 2:15½. In order to secure his sale to Commodore Kitchin for \$25,000, it was a hopeless task under the conditions, but a brave attempt was made with a very creditable result. The general opinion was expressed that it was a better performance than the record, considering the conditions. The first quarter was made in 33½ seconds, half mile in 1:09½, three quarters in 1:39½, mile in 2:14. Second heat: Quarter 38½, half 1:08, three quarters 1:41½, mile 2:15½. Third heat: Quarter 38½, half 1:07, three quarters 1:40½, mile 2:15½. Johnson has since been sold to Kitchin for \$20,000. It was announced two weeks ago that he had been sold for \$25,000, but that was conditional on his beating Little Brown Jug's time.

IMPORTATIONS OF PERCHERON-NORMAN Horses.—More than 500 stallions are now annually being imported from France to the United States. The immense wealth they are adding to the nation will be better understood from the estimate that the first cross of a Percheron stallion with a native mare doubles the selling value of the colt when mature. The great importer of this breed is M. W. Dunham, of Wayne, Ill., who has imported this year 300; the next largest importers are the Dillons, of Normal, who have imported 33 this year.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sharpens the appetite.

Farm Matters.

CALVES FOR THE BUTCHER.

How they are Bred and Raised in France.

From our Paris Correspondent.

PARIS, October 6, 1883.

The rearing of calves for the butcher constitutes an important industry in France. Strange that while French farmers give only a secondary consideration to the selection of parents in the breeding of horses, they seem to be convinced of the importance of such being good in the case of cattle. They have found out that inferior stock do not pay; such require more feeding and longer time to arrive at maturity, while commanding a lower price, the flesh being less esteemed. If the calf be destined for re-production very great attention is given to its rearing, more particularly if it be a bull; then pure milk, and never substitutes, is given, and as much as it can take; suckling is encouraged as essential to development, and as the mother's supply may be falling short as the calf increases in age, a second, and even a third cow is pressed into the service. Where the bull promises to be a very choice animal it is allowed to suckle till seven months old, and even longer. Then it receives the most succulent food in season. Under all circumstances feed young stock generously; stinting in food means stinting in growth. It should ever be kept in mind not to over-feed young bulls, as having too much flesh diminishes their powers of production.

After calving, the mother is covered with a rug, and left undisturbed for two or three hours, at the expiration of which she receives a white drink of meal or bran. In some localities where the parturition has been fatiguing, two or three quarts of warmed wine are given. In the neighborhood of Lyons every cow on calving receives four to five quarts of wine and one pound of toasted bread, and this ration is frequently repeated two or three times in twenty-four hours. Prof. Groquier lays down that a cow under such circumstances can take fifteen quarts of wine a day without any injurious effects. Until the twelfth day after calving, the cow is kept on a light diet.

If a cow refuses to lick the calf when dropped, salt and crumbs of bread are dusted over it, and then presented to the mother. Calves destined for the market are generally fed the first six weeks on unskimmed milk, if artificially reared. There are districts in France where calves intended for breeding or work are never allowed to suckle; from the earliest moment they are induced to drink from the milk can. This process allows of the milk of several cows to be utilized, of the employment of warmed skim milk, of cake, meals and hay-tea. If diarrhoea in a light form appears, barley water often stops it.

From two to three months is the usual time allowed for fattening calves. In Flanders, the milk is given three times a day, commencing with one quart, and ending with seven quarts per meal. Eggs are in many cases added and the soft part of the bread crumbled. The eggs, given morning and evening, are broken up shells and all; they are reported to keep away acidity of the stomach, perhaps by the lime of the shells; they facilitate digestion, and ward off diarrhoea, so frequently an accompaniment when meal or flour diet is much patronized. Butchers maintain eggs enhance the quality of the flesh, diminishing at the same time its redness. In the Beauce farmers add boiled ground or whole rice.

In Flanders and the north of France, calves are fattened in narrow cribs, just like geese at Strasburg; these pens are two feet wide and five deep and portable. The litter is never removed, but renewed as required. Decoctions of poppy heads are added to the milk to induce the animal to sleep. At Dens, in Germany, M. Seyffarth gave his calves skim milk, and to represent the cream, three ounces daily, at the rate of one ounce per repast, of beef or mutton suet, lard, or turnip seed oil; at the end of the fourth week the grease was reduced by one-half and replaced by cake and meal. And the veal was found to be as good as that produced from pure milk.

Calves fattened under the most favorable conditions do not represent more than two sous per quart for the milk worked up. That industry does not pay near towns, or where butter and cheese-making, with the pig fattening on the whey, &c., can be successfully practised. It is an error to conclude that calves will increase in weight, proportionate to their feeding. Thus at its birth, a Durham calf weighs 70 pounds, while a Schwitz calf—a race of cattle peculiar to that Swiss Canton, the Tyrol, Bavaria and the east of France—will weigh 100 pounds. Yet the Durham speedily surpasses its rival by its precocity.

Calves increase in weight daily, from the first to the eighteenth day, 42 ounces; from the 19th to the 25th day, 49 ounces, and from the 25th to the 33rd day, 34 ozs. According to Boussingault, the average daily augmentation in weight is 38 ounces per 9 to 11 quarts of milk. Male put up about four ounces per day more flesh than female calves, but in any case the animal belonging to the most improved breed will mature the quickest. The parts of the body of the animal which develop most during the first six months, that is during the milk-feeding stage, are the chest and loins; the shape and the posterior points come next.

In weaning calves, hay-tea enters largely as a substitute for milk; then linseed gruel, in Russia beer is largely mixed with the milk, that which explains the enormous size of the calves; two pounds of hay are steeped in nine quarts of warm water, and five quarts of the tea are estimated as equal to one quart of milk.

In France the preference is given to weaning calves in the open air, instead of the house; the assimilation of the food is better effected. Cake is considered to efficacious against black-leg, but it must form part of the permanent rations; in Auvergne diarrhoea is cured by the yolks of eggs and red wine; in Russia and Germany, a few spoonfuls of rennet effused wonders; in Belgium calves are allowed to lick a lump of chalk, as sheep and cattle are rock salt; strong purgatives are rarely resorted to. However, in the Beauce, where so much veal is reared, from 2 to 2½ ounces of soluble cream of tartar, dissolved in four quarts of water, and colored with honey, is a favorite recipe; administer the drink every hour, pending 12 to 15 hours; if colic appears, add a little opium to the mixture.

Fancy Stock and Prices.

Fancy stock, fancy men, fancy prices, &c., are terms in quite common use, sometimes partially so. The error as to stock consists generally in a wrong estimate of value, or of what constitutes value. In one sense, anything is of the value or worth (to the novice) of what it will bring. In another, and more common, sense, an article has a general or current value, recognized and acknowledged by all, at least, who deal in articles or objects of that sort.

A fancy price, pure and simple, may be defined a price paid or offered by some party when the ownership is merely to gratify a "fancy," a whim, or a caprice, with no possibility that it can ever be sold again for any such price. Silly and spoiled women, with perverted tastes and more money than brains will pay \$100, or \$200, or \$500 even, for a pet dog. The dog has no possible value to anybody else, unless to another fool of the same caliber, or possibly to a dog breeder. The dog, being without intrinsic value to anybody outside the breeding and buying coterie, he furnishes, perhaps, the best possible illustration of a fancy price. The fancy rooster, costing, say \$200, is not quite so good, because fowls have value in themselves. It is the same with cattle, horses, and other live stock. The prices are "fancy" when they are paid merely to gratify a taste, with no expectation of any proportionate pecuniary return. But when a man buys at great prices expecting to get his money back, or more, in breeding, in racing, in betting, or in exhibition premiums, the prices are not strictly fancy to him, though they may appear so to the mass of people. He has a "practical" purpose in view, and in some cases a purpose which, without regard to his intentions, is of value to the public generally.

And this distinction which should be kept in view. We believe thoroughly and heartily in improved stock, and that so-called fancy stock breeders are doing a work of value, though at present their prices are so high that ordinary farmers can avail themselves of only a small part of the good that is possible. Perhaps this state of things is inevitable, and possibly it may be the best way to accomplish the good to come. The enormous prices we see paid and read of are prices paid by breeders to each other, and without it, and the pleasurable excitement incident thereto, they might not enter the business, and the work of improving stock would be far less rapid than now is the case. It incites a class of men to great energy who otherwise would stand aloof. They have become students in breeding, and have made advances in the business which might not otherwise have been attained in hundreds of years. The information they obtain is very freely laid before the public, and is worth a great deal to those who, with only a limited capital, desire to practice breeding for themselves when prices sufficiently to enable them to invest. That is one gain. Another is that these stunning prices advertise the business and the animals and draw attention to them and to the rules of breeding, which otherwise would not be given. In a sense, they may be curiosities, as lions and tigers are, but in a narrow sense only. Farmers own live stock, as a study at fairs of aristocratic cows, bulls and horses estimated at many thousands of dollars apiece, does not hurt them, but sometimes does good, sometimes in ways little expected. "Points" are studied—in other words details—and comparisons made, and the plain home stock is never treated any worse for it. For young men it has more interest than the older classes. The world is before the former; they are hopeful, and life's possibilities are many. They may never think much of owning exactly such stock, but they can own something much better and more profitably than scrubs, and they will do it if possible. Then, again, all breeders have more or less stock a little defective on certain points, which are important to what may be called "fancy tastes," but in no other way, and females of this class will often sell at rates which farmers can safely buy. The pedigree is unobjectionable, and the defects often of no significance to the common farmer. The same is true of males, and males in cattle, being always in excess of what breeders need, can be bought correspondingly low by individual farmers, or by a dozen or so in connection. This opens a wide door to improvement.—Philadelphia Press.

Thanksgiving Turkeys.

Generally, says the *Iowa Register*, farmers do not prepare in a proper way their turkeys for market. Neither turkeys nor chickens are fit to eat taken right from the barn yard, manure pile, nor from following after fattening cattle. Fowls partake largely of the food they eat in taste and smell. This is well illustrated by the popularity of the canvass back ducks in the neighborhood of Baltimore and Washington. In that region there is a large quantity of wild celery which this variety of ducks eat, and it gives their flesh that peculiar flavor which makes them so popular with the lovers of canvass-back ducks.

Agricultural Items.

E. L. STURTEVANT says the great drawback to obtaining satisfactory yields of corn comes from slovenly culture, not only in operations in the field but from careless planning by the farmer.

SEVERAL New York farmers speak very highly of the value of sweet corn as a fattening food for swine, saying as much to the acre can be raised as of any other variety, and that the stalks can be turned to profitable account.

An Indiana farmer who raises many turnips harvests them late and stores in trenches. The trenches are two feet deep, about a foot and a

half wide and of any desired length. He puts the turnips in, filling the trench about half way to the top, then puts on a light covering of soil. As the weather becomes more severe he adds more covering until the trench is full.

The Farm and Garden reminds those who are allowing themselves to be carried away by enthusiasm on the poultry subject, that because a man keeps twelve hens a year and makes a profit of \$12, it by no means follows that he can keep 1300 hens the same time and clear \$1200. With large flocks comes almost invariably the crowding of them into close quarters and the consequent development of disease.

At the recent meeting of the Arts and Agricultural Association of Ontario, at Guelph, Mr. Simpson Rennie, residing 15 miles from Toronto, in York County, was awarded the gold medal for the best managed and conducted farm in the eight counties constituting the district. The first silver medal was awarded to his brother, Wm. Rennie, the well known seedman and florist of Toronto, whose farm of 120 acres is also about fifteen miles from that city.

A YEAR ago the editor of the *Breeder's Gazette* offered a silver cup to the cow which should produce the largest amount of butter in any thirty consecutive days in the year ending July 31, 1883. There were but two entries for the prize, the Jersey cow Mary Anne, owned by U. E. Fuller, of St. Lambert's, Canada, and the Holstein cow Mercedes, owned by T. B. Wales, of Iowa City. The judges awarded the cup to Mercedes, her record being 99 lbs. 6½ ounces, while the Jersey's yield was 97 lbs. 8½ ounces.

PROF. BROWN, of the Ontario Agricultural College, says he feels assured that the cause of the somewhat prevalent animal consumption, or tuberculosis, among cattle, and lung disease among sheep, is due largely to sudden variations of temperature in winter, brought about mainly by the over-anxiety of many men in regard to the comfort, so-called, of their animals, who believe in having the thermometer, at 70 degrees, inside when it stands at 10 degrees outside. He thinks it is a clear mistake, under any circumstances, to shut the door on sheep—ewes just lambing excepted—and no science can convince him that an average temperature of 65 degrees, is better than one of 30 degrees, in winter.

Much distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia and chronic diarrhoea is occasioned by humor in the stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy.

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THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

SPLENDID POT PLANTS, specially prepared for House Culture and Winter Bloom, delivered safely by mail, postage paid, for \$1.00 per plant, or \$2.00 per pair, or \$3.00 per trio, or \$4.00 per quartet, or \$5.00 per quintet, or \$6.00 per sextet, or \$7.00 per septet, or \$8.00 per octet, or \$9.00 per nonet, or \$10.00 per decet, or \$11.00 per undecet, or \$12.00 per duodecet, or \$13.00 per tridecet, or \$14.00 per tetradecet, or \$15.00 per pentadecet, or \$16.00 per hexadecet, or \$17.00 per heptadecet, or \$18.00 per octadecet, or \$19.00 per enneadecet, or \$20.00 per vigintet, or \$21.00 per trigintet, or \$22.00 per tetragintet, or \$23.00 per pentagintet, or \$24.00 per hexagintet, or \$25.00 per heptagintet, or \$26.00 per octogintet, or \$27.00 per nonagintet, or \$28.00 per centigintet, or \$29.00 per centigintet, or \$30.00 per centigintet, or \$31.00 per centigintet, or \$32.00 per centigintet, or \$33.00 per centigintet, or \$34.00 per centigintet, or \$35.00 per 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Poetry.

AUTUMNAL DREAMS.

When the maple turns to crimson,
And the aspen to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow,
And the aster on the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor,
And the night is frosty cold;
When the chestnut burrs are opened,
And the drowsy air is stirred,
With the thrumming of the fall—
With the drumming of the partridge,
And the whistle of the quail;
Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow upland calling,
Seeking her who is still dead;
She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer,
When the weary winds are still,
I can hear her on the hill,
In the splendor of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill.
For the shores of earth and heaven
Meet, and mingle in the blue;
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew,
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.
So I think when days are sweetest,
And the world is wholly fair,
She may sometime steal upon me
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom,
And the ananias in her hair.

Once to meet her, ah! to meet her—
And to hold her gently fast;
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me—
That were happiness at last;
That were bliss beyond our meetings,
In the autumn of the past.

—Byrd Taylor.

THE DAY THAT IS COMING.

There man shall work and bethink him, and rejoice
In the deeds of his hand;
Yet come home in the even too faint and
weary to stand.
At that time a coming shall work and have no
fear
O-morrow's lack of earning and the hunger-
wolf's roar.
Strange, new, wonderful justice! But for
whom shall we gather the gain?
To ourselves and each of our fellows, and no
hand shall labor in vain.
Then all mine and all thine shall be ours, and no
more shall any man crave
Riches that serve for nothing but to fester
a friend for a slave.
At that wealth then shall be left us when none
shall gather gold
To us his friend in the market, and pinch and
pine the sold?
Nay what save the lovely city, and the little house
on the hill,
The wastes and the woodland beauty, and the
happy fields we till,
And the homes of ancient stories, the tombs of
the mighty dead;
And he wise men seeking out marvels, and the
poet's teeming head;
And a painter's hand of wonder, and the mar-
velous fiddle bow,
And the hand of music—all those that do
not know?
For these shall be ours and all men's, nor shall
any lack a share
Of the toil and the gain of living in the days when
he world grows fair.

—William Morris.

Miscellaneous.

SUBDUING A CAPTAIN.

"Then there's Captain Crawford. Of him it behoves us to speak with bated breath. He is fairly good-looking, but he believes himself an Adonis, has a comical way of saying things which make you ugh, and is agreeable to a certain extent, but believes himself to be a original genius who would take the world by storm if—mark the 'if'—he thought it worth so taking. He is also rich, and is possessed by the idea that every another wants him for one of her daughters, and that all the daughters re in love with him; therefore, as the world will generally take you at your own valuation, providing you have sufficient confidence on the subject—which he certainly has—he is regarded with awe and admiration by lots of women who ought to know better. Of course he is a flirt, though he flirts in a manner quite peculiar to himself. It is against his principles ever to put himself out for anybody or anything; but, coming, as to night, on a party of strangers, he will look about, know at a glance which woman will be the most likely to amuse him, and, tacking himself on to her with slow deliberation, will graciously permit her to do so for as long or short a time as she may happen to be easily get-at-able. In this way he has broken a good many hearts, and boasts, or rather doesn't boast—for that isn't in his line—but contrives to imply, by the calm superiority of his manner, that his own has never been touched."

This description of one of the guests at a country house, was given by its youngest daughter to another guest, a fair pretty girl with pale yellow hair and big blue eyes fringed by long black lashes. She was sitting on the hearth-rug, amidst an untidy confusion of outdoor garments and wraps, and was busily employed in curling the feathers of her hat. Before she could answer, another girl looked up from the flowers she was arranging in bouquets, and remarked—

"Alice hates him."

"So I perceive," replied the golden-haired damsel on the hearth-rug; and, looking up mischievously into Alice's face, she added, "Are you one of the victims of this hero's peculiar style of flirtation?"

"Oh, dear, no!" Alice answered with perfect candor. "I don't amuse him; so he treats me with great civility, because he considers it due to himself as a gentleman and one who can trace his family back to one of Boadicea's followers—none of your vulgar modern Conquerors of him!"

"I shall make it my business, as long as I am here, to take him down," remarked the owner of the blue eyes.

"I think, Miss Ethel, you had better let him alone," said Flora, still busy with the flowers. "Alice has been hardly fair to

him, for he is undoubtedly popular both with men and women."

"Besides," chimed in Alice, "he won't give you the chance. You are not his style."

"Pooh!" retorted Ethel. "I shall find the chance; and, as for not being his style, girls, before he leaves this house he shall propose to me, and I shall refuse him!"

The sisters were so scandalized by this announcement that it was some time before they could find words to express their horror; at last Flora said—

"I hope, Ethel, you don't intend to become fast."

"Fast? No; but I intend to confer a benefit on society by taking down this man who thinks so much of himself."

"You will be clever if you do," muttered Alice.

"I will. Oh, won't I dance upon his feelings, Alice! You may come and listen through the keyhole to his proposal."

Flora's face expressed strong disapproval, but Alice asked—

"But how are you going to set about it?"

"Oh, when I have met Captain Crawford, and understand him a little, I shall see! Thackeray says—oh, bother, I forget now what he does say—but it's something about what a woman being able to marry any man. Now I don't want to marry this creature; I only—Ah, there's the dressing-bell, and I haven't unpacked a thing! Springing up with astonishing alacrity, she gathered her wraps together, rattling on—"I'm sure I've forgotten the key of my box! Oh, dear, I wish I could pick up a rich husband! I do hate unpacking. I shall be late for dinner. Happy thought! I will be late, and burst suddenly on his admiring gaze alone in my glory, instead of dawdling slowly on his perceptions amongst everybody else. The old room, I suppose, Flora?"

Away she went, dropping veil, gloves and various small articles before she even reached the door. But Ethel Raine, though she talked so recklessly in private, was usually tolerably well-behaved in public, and nothing was farther from her thoughts than to be intentionally late for dinner. Therefore she was much dismayed to hear the bell ring before she was ready; and, when she crept into the dining-room after every one had gone in, it was with a considerably heightened color and a subdued manner which contrasted curiously with the bravado airs she had given herself up stairs. When she recovered from her confusion, she found herself being greeted with some effusion, by her left-hand neighbor, a youth just transplanted from Eton to Cambridge, and consequently filled with a great idea of his own importance; but he had as fervent an admiration for Ethel as was consistent with the still more fervent admiration he at present entertained for himself.

All was fish that came to Ethel's net. She was always ready to be amused by anybody or everybody; so she turned her blue eyes on Tom Grainger, and forgot all about Captain Crawford, till, in a pause in her lively chatter, she found Alice looking at her very meaningfully from the opposite side of the table. Following the direction of her eyes, she took a survey of the gentleman on her right, and it suddenly dawned on her that he was the famous Captain Crawford. This discovery filled her with the liveliest delight. He however took no notice of her, so she had to content herself with listening to his conversation with the lady she had taken in to dinner, which she did with so much interest that she had very little attention left to bestow on Tom Grainger. He wondered a little at her change of manner, but did not altogether object to it, as it gave him the opportunity of talking a little about himself, which Miss Ethel had not hitherto allowed him to do.

Apparently Captain Crawford found the handsome widow he had taken in to dinner decidedly amusing, for he sat down beside her afterwards in the drawing-room, and never stirred for the rest of the evening. Ethel, observing all this, put him out of her thoughts for the present, and abandoned herself to enjoyment in whatever shape it might come.

Alice Layton followed Ethel to her room that night to remark mockingly—"Well, you haven't done much yet with Captain Crawford!"

"Oh, I've been taking his measure!" Ethel replied. "I have it now on my fingers' ends."

"He doesn't admire you. I heard him tell mamma that you were too small, and that blue-eyed women were always humbugs."

"He shall find out the truth of that to his cost, and admire me too before he leaves the house."

But Alice shook her head.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Lord is already in possession of the field. What will you do about her?"

"The widow? Leave her alone, to be sure! You don't suppose I am going to lower myself by quarreling over any man with any woman. As long as Mrs. Lord can keep him, she may; but I have taken his measure, as I said, and I think—recollect I have the reputation of a beauty, and though he may not admire me, that goes a long way with any man—I rather think a judicious mixture of politely veiled indifference and a small amount of skillfully-spread butter, together with a studiously-concealed tendresse for somebody else, unknown, will settle him."

This struck Alice as being nonsense; but it also had a worldly ring in it that, Flora not being there to do so, she felt it her duty to reprove.

"You talk so wildly, Ethel dear. I don't think mamma would like to hear you."

"Well, she doesn't hear me," replied the incorrigible Ethel. "And now good-night. I can't afford to lose my beauty sleep, for I want to look my best to-morrow."

And she did look her best the next morning, though her dress was only a plain dark serge; for Ethel was an orphan, without a relative in the world except her grandfather, with whom she lived, and who was by no means over-burdened

with this world's goods, therefore she had not the means of dressing smartly; but she had the knack of making everything she wore look nice.

Even Captain Crawford, in spite of his professed antipathy to blue eyes, could hardly have helped being pleased with her appearance, when, on coming out, he found her standing on the door step watching the party mount.

"Are you not going to ride, Miss Raine?" he asked.

"No; I'm afraid."

"That's a pity. You lose a great deal of pleasure."

"Do I?" she questioned listlessly, all her interest apparently on the horses; then, glancing indifferently at him—"I see you are got up for riding. I shouldn't have thought you were a hunting man."

"Why not?"—a little gleam of triumph coming over his face at the reflection that she must have been observing him pretty closely.

But she had no idea of allowing him to cherish this pleasing delusion, and answered carelessly, her eyes still idly roving around—

"Oh, I don't know! Every body one sees, if only for a moment, leaves some sort of impression on one's mind. I suppose that is the one you have left on mine."

"That I am not a hunting man? Curious, isn't it?"

"Yes," then, as if suddenly aroused to a consciousness of what she was saying—"Oh, dear, what am I saying? I'm sure I don't know!"

"Where is your horse, Captain Crawford?" cried Mrs. Lord, who, mounted on a fine animal lent her by a friend in the neighborhood, and attired in an exquisitely fitting habit, looked remarkably handsome.

"Coming," he said laconically, and then, to Ethel, with a glance towards the widow. "Admire her?"

He looked down at her with evident curiosity for an answer.

"I do indeed; she is very handsome."

There was not a trace of reluctance or pretended enthusiasm in her tone. It was simply the natural statement of a fact. His horse being led round at this moment, she disappeared within doors without seeing him mount; nevertheless she noted from the window that he rode down the avenue beside Mrs. Lord.

The party returned very early, all more or less cool, having had a bad day. About five o'clock Captain Crawford strolled into the drawing-room, in search of amusement. There was Mrs. Lord ready for him, arrayed in her most fascinating tulle gown, but perhaps he had had enough of her society in the hunting-field, for he did not take the chair beside her, and, declining tea, went into the inner room, where he found Ethel buried amongst the cushions of a huge armchair, reading a novel, from which she merely looked up on his entrance, and then took no farther notice of him.

"You seem very comfortable," he said at last, when he found that she had no intention of starting a conversation.

"I am, thank you," she replied, just glancing at him over the top of her book, as he leaned against the mantelpiece, and then continuing to read.

Captain Crawford was beginning to have a notion that this little lady, though she was small, fair, and blue-eyed, might be able to amuse him if he chose; but she evidently did not choose, and he was much surprised thereat. Without being quite so vain a man as Alice Layton had been pleased to represent him, he was accustomed to be petted by the fair sex, and though he had occasionally experienced hard snubbing, this careless indifference was something new—so new that, in order to fathom it, he exerted himself to make another remark.

"What have you been doing with yourself all day?"

"Meditating"—this time not even raising her eyes.

"Yes—on my ball-dress for to-morrow. Then there was silence again, till Ethel looked up with an impatient air that said plainly, "I wish you would go away and leave me in peace," which roused a spirit of opposition in him, determining him to stay; but he could not make up his mind to go so far as to offer another observation.

How much longer Ethel would have read, and Captain Crawford have stood before the fire, gazing at her furtively, and stroking his mustache, it is impossible to say, for, after the silence had lasted about two minutes, Mrs. Lord came in. She looked suspiciously at Ethel, but addressed herself to Captain Crawford.

"We are going to play billiards; won't you come, Captain Crawford? Indeed you must; we cannot do without you."

"Can't you? Miss Raine, do you play billiards?"

"Sometimes."

"You had better come too."

"No, not this evening."

"Oh, you must!" said Alice, who had just entered. "You really can play well."

"I can't. My heroine is being chased by a wild bull, and the hero, who has only one leg, is looking on helplessly over the hedge. I really can't leave them in that deplorable position without knowing what becomes of them."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Lord, with great enthusiasm. "I never can lay down a novel when I once get fairly into it."

In point of fact, she never took one up, nor a book of any kind, except a fashionable magazine; and yet she contrived somehow to make herself agreeable to men; and she walked Captain Crawford off now before he could say another word, Alice lingering to observe—

"I don't think you will succeed at this rate."

"Indeed! That's your opinion, is it? But, Alice, you malign me that poor man dreadfully. I rather—no, I don't, but he is rather nice."

"Oh, Ethel, Ethel," began Alice, but, hearing herself called, she ran off, without bestowing the advice she had intended for her friend.

The men were all out shooting the best part of the next day, so that even Mrs. Lord had very little opportunity of monopolizing Captain Crawford. However, when she came down dressed for the ball,

she was indeed arrayed for conquest—in pale yellow satin, with diamonds sparkling in her dark hair. Ethel was all in white, and looked her very best; but, alas, her very best faded into insignificance beside the widow's stately beauty! But she was in exceeding high spirits, so much so that Mrs. Layton, who took a motherly interest in the lonely girl whom nobody kept in any sort of order, deemed it best to take her with the matrons in the landau, sending her own staidier girls in the omnibus with the rest of the party.

Ethel was inclined to sulk in consequence of this arrangement; but as her companions did not take the least notice, she found it expedient to recover her temper before they arrived at their destination.

She danced the first valse with Tom Grainger, and saw that Captain Crawford had Mrs. Lord for a partner. Everybody who did not know was asking everybody else the name of the woman in yellow satin and diamonds; and all who did happen to know gave themselves important airs in consequence. In fact, Mrs. Lord carried all before her; and Captain Crawford did not exactly dance attendance on her, but followed lazily in her train of admirers.

A conviction began to force itself on Ethel's mind that this ball would not be the scene of unequalled pleasure she had expected—not for lack of partners—she always had plenty of them; but even a superfluity of partners is not always for happiness, though no doubt to a well-regulated mind it ought to be; Ethel's however, was not a well-regulated mind.

For some time she conducted herself with great propriety, returning to her chaperon immediately after each dance. Once she was rewarded, if she considered it in that light, by Captain Crawford's sitting down beside her and inquiring how she was enjoying herself, to which she of course replied that she had never enjoyed herself more in her life; and then, after offering in perfect good faith to introduce some young men to her if she were not dancing enough, she strolled away to Mrs. Lord.

After this Ethel threw propriety to the winds, and plunged into a frantic flirtation with a weak-eyed and weak-minded young man, whose head she so completely turned by her smiles and the liveliness of her conversation that for the next three weeks he spent all his spare time idling epistles to her in which he offered to lay his life, with all he possessed, at her feet, never having courage to send any but the most, but always carrying one in his pocket, so that in the event of being suddenly inspired with the requisite courage, he should have it at hand to despatch at once.

Ethel was routed out of a corner where she had been sitting for about an hour encouraging this unfortunate youth to talk nonsense to her, by Captain Crawford, who said, a little satirically—

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Miss Raine; but all our party are ready to go, and Mrs. Layton is looking for you."

Up jumped Ethel, and, with a cool nod to her victim, took Captain Crawford's arm, remarking gaily as they went back to the ball-room—

"Now I shall get a wiggling."

"Pon my word, I think you deserve it," he said drily.

"Captain Crawford did not dance with you at all, did he?" inquired Flora, as she and her sister paused at Ethel's door to say good-night.

"Of course he didn't," said Alice; "he is a great deal too vain of his height and his fine figure to make himself look ridiculous by dancing with so small a person."

"I got on very well without him," Ethel said, with a little toss of her head, but something very like tears in her eyes.

"He doesn't really care for dancing," pursued Alice; "but he thinks he and Mrs. Lord make such a handsome couple that he does not object to showing off with her."

"Oh, I'm sick of Mrs. Lord and her smart gowns!" cried Ethel pettishly. "Good-night!" and she entered her room, slamming the door in her friends' faces with very scant courtesy.

Most of the party left the next day, with the exception of Mrs. Lord, who was going on to a house in the neighborhood on Monday, and Captain Crawford, who was to remain for a shooting-party on Wednesday and Thursday. Ethel always came for an indefinite period. Mrs. Lord kept pretty strict guard over Captain Crawford all day, but went to her room to rest after tea under the delusion that her captive was safe in the smoking-room till dinner-time; but he appeared in the drawing-room ten minutes after she had left it.

"Will you come and play billiards, Miss Raine?"

"Yes, I don't mind," Ethel said, her tone very demure, but her eyes sparkling.

"Miss Alice is coming to mark for us. I hear you play very well."

"This is an honor unto which I was not born," remarked Ethel, in a perfect audible aside to Alice. "I fear I shall collapse under the weight of it."

This little piece of satire reaching his ears, Captain Crawford turned round to look at her and laugh, as he led the way to the billiard-room. Ethel could play billiards—it was about the only accomplishment she possessed—and she won the first game; but her success elated her so much that her spirits ran away with her, and she now played so badly that her adversary took her to task.

"Look here, Miss Raine; next week I'll give you a lesson every night. You would play very well, but you want ballast in this as in everything—you get too excited."

"You are very kind. Suppose I were to give you a lesson instead. You would be a good player if you had a little less ballast in that and everything else. You are too much in the habit of pretending you don't think anything worth anything."

"I am greatly honored by your having studied my character so attentively," he said, much amused.

She flushed to the roots of her hair, saying angrily—

"I have never studied your character. It is written on every line of your face—it is revealed in every word and gesture."

"It must be very unpleasant, seeing the impression left is so bad."

His voice was cold; and, having turned away, Ethel did not see the smile on his face. A shadow came over her own; and, after a moment's silence, she said meekly, almost entreatingly—

"I beg your pardon; I'm afraid I was rude; I didn't mean to be."

"Oh, Ethel, you goose!" murmured Alice under her breath; but Captain Crawford's somewhat cynical face softened as it never did to Mrs. Lord, though he only said—

"Rude! I should think so; but I don't mind."

Mrs. Lord's face at dinner was rather expressive when some allusion was made to the billiard-playing.

"I'll give you a hint, Ethel," Alice said, as they walked to church on Sunday, Captain Crawford and the widow being ever so far behind. "Mrs. Lord is afraid of you."

"Please don't!" said Ethel, piteously. "It is not kind of you to remind me of the dreadful nonsense I talked the other day. It was only a joke. I couldn't cut out Mrs. Lord, and—I don't wish to; and he really isn't so bad as you said, at any rate," finished Ethel, her usual spirit suddenly regaining the ascendancy. "I couldn't be bothered undertaking so hopeless a task as taking her down."

Certainly, as long as Mrs. Lord was in the house, it was a hopeless task, for nobody got a chance of speaking to the Captain; but whether this was the result of his admiration or her skillful pertinacity it is not easy to say. But Mrs. Lord went away on the Monday, her last words being addressed to Captain Crawford.

"You will be sure to come and see me in London?"

"Oh, certainly, if I happen to find myself there!" he replied; and then, as she drove away, he said to Ethel, who had come out with the rest to see her depart—

"I wonder how much she spends on her clothes?"

But Ethel would not be betrayed into spitefulness.

"A good deal, I daresay—and quite right, if she has it. So much beauty deserves a fine setting. How shall we console you for her departure?" she added, saucily.

"If I tell you, will you undertake the task?"

But he received no answer, for Ethel had followed the others indoors. The house was full again the next day for the shooting; but Captain Crawford did not seem to find any of the ladies sufficiently amusing to replace Mrs. Lord. Alice, however, found a little amusement for herself, inasmuch that she had no time to watch Ethel's proceedings. Flora never had taken much interest in them, and Ethel herself was unusually quiet on the subject. But she was very good-tempered, and was a sign that she was at least not bored. So the days slipped by. On Thursday night, Mrs. Layton, being late, sent down a message that they were not to wait dinner for her. Mr. Layton, giving his arm to a dowager, requested the others to follow as they pleased. Captain Crawford, with more alacrity than was usual with him, immediately offered his arm to Ethel, and even went so far as to exert himself to be agreeable during dinner; and Ethel made no sarcastic remarks on the honor done her, but listened to him with a happy smile.

"I am going away to-morrow afternoon," he said, presently. "May I call on Mr. Raine when I am in London?"

"He would be very glad to see you," Ethel replied, quietly.

Later in the evening she happened to be alone in the inner drawing-room, looking for some prints that somebody wanted, when Captain Crawford followed her thither.

"Don't look for those things now, Miss Raine. I say; you said I might come and see you in London."

"I said you might come and see grandpapa," Ethel corrected, demurely.

"I have known you for only ten days; but ten days in the same house together constitute a much more intimate acquaintanceship than ten years spent within half a mile of each other. So there's no good my waiting to speak. You know me as well now as you would after twenty years. I can't make the speeches; but I love you, Ethel. Will you be my wife?"

It ought to have touched her, a declaration of love so simple and straightforward, and from a man that more than one charming woman had tried to captivate in vain. For the few seconds that he was speaking a struggle was raging in her breast, though she stood so quietly with downcast eyes; but the remembrance of her rash resolution was strong within her. The demons of vanity and mischief conquered. Raising her blue eyes wonderingly to his face, she said—oh, so innocently—

"I am so sorry! How could I know you were in earnest? I have always heard—indeed have seen for myself—you were such a flirt that it never occurred to me that your attentions were serious."

He looked at her for a moment thunder-struck, and then walked quietly out of the room. A minute after she rushed out by another door, and escaped to her room by a side staircase. It was late then, and everybody was saying good-night in the drawing-room; so Ethel was not missed till Flora and Alice, passing her door, thought themselves off and went in.

She was sitting on the hearth-rug, with a very woeful countenance, and was by no means glad to see them.

"What do you want? I have a headache," she said, petulantly.

"Have you, dear? You had better go to bed quickly then," Flora said, kindly.

"I believe you are thinking of Captain Crawford, and your failure with regard to him," Alice laughed.

"I'm thinking of my success," Ethel retorted, reflecting that, if she had paid dearly for her triumph, she might as well make the most of it. "He has proposed to me, and I have refused him."

But she rather spoiled the effect of that announcement by bursting into tears, and considerably marring Alice's enjoyment, for her face, which had assumed a look of keen delight, clouded over at this; and she was too dismayed to speak; but Flora, who prided herself on having a well-balanced mind and never allowing

her clear judgment to be dimmed by foolish sentimentality, observed—

"You had better have accepted him; you would have had your triumph just the same—in fact, a greater one; for, as it is, I don't see how people are to know anything about it."

Ethel continued crying, and said nothing.

"I wouldn't distress myself about it," said Alice, soothingly. "He will very soon get over it."

But this piece of consolation quite failed.

"I dare say he will," wailed Ethel. "But it isn't that. Oh, I am ashamed of myself! Why did I ever make that foolish, unwomanly resolve? Oh, why did you allow me? What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"You see, wrong-doing always brings its own punishment," said Flora sentimentally, thinking it an excellent opportunity for a moral lesson.

But Ethel, far from showing herself inclined to profit by it, stopped crying and turned on her fiercely.

"I wish you would go away; I hate you! You are so self-righteous. You are only fit to be the matron in some reformatory. Do you never, never do anything wrong?"

With this lame conclusion—for she had meant to say something smart, only nothing had occurred to her—Ethel relapsed into tears again, and Flora stalked out of the room, in a fit of offended dignity. But Alice remained to make fresh attempts at consolation.

"It will all come right," she said not exactly clear as to the sense in which it ought to come right.

But Ethel was inconsolable. It never could come right; look at it as she would, each aspect was more hopeless than the last. He had paid her the highest compliment a man can pay a woman; and she had repaid him

BEFORE ASKING PAPA.

Signed the slim to the belle, "Aw, miss, can you tell me why I like that apple you plucked from the tree?"

"Because it," she coughed, "is remarkably soft!"

"Aw, no; it needs pairing by you," stammered he.

"Pairing, you mean, though because it is green, and rather insipid, might answer," laughed she, "and not fully grown." Said the dude with a grin:

"Aw, were I that apple, perhaps you'd halve me."

"An answer you, too. Oh, for 'sauce' you will do!" spoke the miss: "But now, tell me, why you're like the tree?"

"Because—I've a heart," blushed the slim, growing smart.

"Because—trees are sappy and crooked," said she.

"Aw, you're," smiled the slim, "like the trees, for you're woo'd."

"You'd better say bored," said the miss, "as I am now."

"But trees, you perceive, make a bough when they leave."

"So you, to be like them, may leave with a bow."

The Monkey Duty.

Owing to the vigilant efforts of our custom house officers, a sailor has just been detected in the act of smuggling fifteen monkeys, and compelled to pay a fine in addition to the 20 per cent ad valorem duty which the tariff imposes upon monkeys.

This arrest will not be vain if it calls public attention to the unjust features of the duty on monkeys. Why should there be any duty on those interesting and improving beasts? The monkey duty is not protective. The only monkeys indigenous in this country are those of the green species with sky-blue tails that are seen only by western statesmen after prolonged indulgence in whiskey. These monkeys need no protection, for the imported pauper monkeys of Africa and Brazil can never come into competition with them or reduce their numbers and efficiency. It may be said that the monkey duty is designed to protect the native "dude," but this would be untrue, since the dude never travels in connection with handorgans, and his prosperity would not be affected even if the country were to be flooded with cheap foreign monkeys. While the monkey duty is not protective, neither can it be classed as a source of revenue. So few monkeys pass through the custom house that the monkey duty does not pay the cost of its collection. Why, then, should we levy a tax on monkeys which is neither for protection nor revenue? An answer to this question may be sent in sealed envelopes directed to the Secretary of the Treasury.

It is very certain that the duty on monkeys is a vexatious one. For example, no woman can gratify her taste for violating the revenue laws by smuggling monkeys. It would be interesting to know how the unfortunate sailor above mentioned tried to smuggle his monkeys. He could not have concealed them about his person; or packed them in a secret compartment of his trunk, or tied them together with a shawl-strap and pretended that they were a new variety of traveling rug, or put them in a bag labeled soiled clothing. Nothing more difficult to smuggle than a monkey could be imagined, and the only possible chance of smuggling fifteen monkeys through the custom house would be to dress them in outlandish clothes and to represent them to be Korean Ambassadors or Haytian Generals. A lady returning from Brazil with a pet monkey cannot fail to be exasperated at the impossibility of smuggling it, and exasperation is about the only result achieved by the monkey duty.

This duty bears heavily upon Italian statesmen immigrating to this country with organs and monkeys. The immigrant must pay a duty of 30 per cent ad valorem upon his organ, and he naturally feels that he is treated with the grossest injustice when he is required to pay a further duty of 20 per cent ad valorem upon his monkey. The monkey is, properly speaking, a part of the organ, and ought not to be compelled to pay a separate duty. But in vain does the Italian statesman argue with the custom house officer. The plea that the monkey has been in use for a long time; that it is a worn monkey, so to speak, is as ineffective as the plea that it is a part of its owner's musical outfit. The duty on the monkey must be paid, and hence we find that Italian immigrants are ceasing to bring monkeys with them, and trust to picking up cheap second hand and consignment monkeys in this country. The result is that the divine art of music suffers, and nothing is excepted the exasperation of organ virtuosi and the deterioration of the element in music. There can be no doubt that monkeys should be placed upon the free list.

Found a Cinnamon Bear Instead of Silver.

The prize bear story of this or any other season or section comes from New Mexico. A gentleman from the Las Vegas Hot Springs yesterday related to a *News* reporter, avowing that it is precisely as given to him by the hero of the exploit, while seated on the veranda of the Montezuma Hotel. The incident is a fresh one, having happened less than three weeks ago. While prospecting in the mountains, about forty-five miles from Las Vegas, a miner named Gilbert H. Jones camped for the night on the edge of a canyon about two hundred feet deep, the sight of which caused him to bring his day's journey to a somewhat sudden end, until more daylight should enable him to determine its length and direction. Early the following morning he shouldered his ax and started in a westerly direction along the brink of the canyon, leaving his burro and the rest of his kit, including his rifle, at the temporary camp. After he had traveled about a mile he reached a point in the canyon where it was not more than twenty-five feet wide, and across which from the side he was traveling on had been felled a large pine tree, about two feet in circumference at the stump. The tree was literally covered with branches, making a rather narrow but reasonably safe bridge over the canyon. With little hesitation he started on his journey over the improvised bridge, safely reaching the other side, which he immediately began

to explore. After satisfying himself that he must continue his journey on the other side, it being impossible to cross his kit and jack over the tree-bridge, he retraced his steps to that point after a thorough exploration. Arriving there, he was astonished to find about a four-months old cinnamon cub guarding the entrance to the bridge. After dispatching the little rascal with his ax he started to recross the bridge, and had proceeded some ten feet when he discovered the mother of the little brute he had killed, holding another cub, had proceeded about an equal distance over the same bridge from the other side. He grasped the situation in a moment. The old bear was on a journey south, and during the miner's absence had made one trip in crossing her bridge. The bear, growling and infuriated, continued to advance. Retreat for either was impossible—death for one or both seemed certain. Carefully walking back about five feet, where the tree was about seven inches in circumference, and where he was enabled to steady himself by pressing his knee against a good stout limb, he began to wield his ax with great vigor. Fortunately for Jones the now maddened and ferocious cinnamon halted for a moment or two as if to study the situation. These moments decided the bear's fate. The tree was about severed when the bear, dropping her cub, made a leap for Jones, landing about two feet from him, when with a crash went tree and bear down into the canyon, a distance of about 250 feet, where the rushing waters and jagged rocks speedily terminated her existence. He guessed the brute's weight at 400 pounds.

Jones had saved his own life by his great presence of mind. He traveled along the canyon for miles, hoping to find another place to recross, but without success. Giving up all hope of ever finding his outfit again, and with nothing to live on but the carcass of the little cinnamon which he had dispatched with his ax, he wandered about through the mountains for seven days, at the end of which time he reached Hot Springs, where he is now being kindly cared for by a friend whom he chanced to meet there.

A Spanish Inn.

All the region of miles and miles around Arcos is thickly planted with olives, which give a pleasing aspect to this hilly country. It was late twilight when we came clattering into the ancient town, and were set down at the house where the diligence stopped, which seemed to be presided over by three old women. We were surrounded at once by a curious and helpful population, all eager to seize our pieces of luggage and bear them to parts unknown. The driver, who was our friend, appeared to be having a conference with the old women as to whether they should have the plucking of us, or would send us to the regular posada, to which we wished to go. In the growing darkness it was impossible to see where we were, or where the posada was, and it required all our vigilance to keep track of our luggage. After a great deal of confusion, we found ourselves transferred, bag and baggage, to the posada, which was almost exactly opposite, in debt to half the loafers of Arcos for their valuable assistance. The posada, the best in the place, showed no sign of light or life. We entered the stables, and made our way up a stone staircase, to the hotel apartment. No obsequious landlord or landlady welcomed us, but we at last discovered a tall, sour-faced maid-of-all-work, haughty and dirty, who condescended to show us a couple of clean but utterly bare rooms, and undertook to get us something to eat. We felt humbly obliged. The stranger in Spain, at most inns and elsewhere, is treated as if he is the most acceptable thing he could do would be to take himself speedily out of the country. Our apartments were furnished with Spartan simplicity; the guest is allowed a washbowl, but no pitcher, and the water given him in the bowl is supposed to be quite enough for his needs; but the bed, though the mattress is made of uncomfortable lumps of wool, is scrupulously clean. Our repast was all that we could expect. The person who is fond of tasteless beans, will find Spain a paradise. In this land of olives, those served on the table are bitter and disagreeable, and the oil, in which everything is cooked, is uniformly rancid. But it should be confessed that the oil is better than the butter, when the latter luxury is attainable. Something seems to be the matter with the cows. I do not wonder that the Spaniards are at table a temperate and abstemious race. It is no merit to be abstemious, with such food and cooking. The wine at Arcos, however, was a sort of Manzanilla, that made us regard any food with favor. It was a medical draught, with a very strong flavor of camomile; a very useful sort, I believe, in the manipulation of the market sherry, and exceedingly wholesome. So long as a man can drink this wine, he will not die. I should recommend the total abstinence society to introduce into our country.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

The Honest Truth.

"George, dear, where have you been since school was dismissed?"

"Hain't been nowhere, ma."

"Did you come straight home from school, George?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"But school is dismissed at 3 o'clock and it is now half-past six. How does that come?"

"Got kep' in."

"For what?"

"Missed my jography less'n."

"But your teacher was here only an hour ago and said you had not been at school all day."

"Got kep' in yesterday, then."

"George, why were you not at school to-day?"

"Forgot. Thought all the time it was Saturday."

"Don't stand on the side of your foot in that manner. Come here to me, George, you have been swimming."

"No, ma'am."

"Yes you have, George. Haven't you?"

"No."

"Tell your mother, George."

"No."

"Then what makes your hair so wet, my son?"

"Sweet. Run so fast comin' from school."

"But your shirt is wrong side out."

"Put it on that way when I got up this mornin', for luck. Always win when you play for keeps if your shirt's on hind-side out."

"And you haven't the right sleeve of your shirt on your arm at all, George, and there is a hard knot tied in it. How did that come there?"

"Bill Fairfax tied it when I wasn't lookin'."

"But what were you doing with your shirt off?"

"Didn't have it off. He jes took'n tied that knot in there when it was on me."

"George?"

"That's honest truth, he did."

About that time his father came down with a skate strap, and we drew a veil over the dreadful scene.

Paralysis, Nine Years.

"After having suffered for nine years with paralysis," says Mr. Joseph Yates, of Paterson, N. J., "I was cured by *Samaritan Nervine*." Mr. Yates authorizes this statement. Your druggist keeps it. \$1.50.

VARIETIES.

BEN PERLEY POORE, in his Reminiscences of Public Men in the *American Cultivator*, relates how a distinguished Massachusetts statesman offered up his two beloved sons on the altar of his country:

When the first draft commenced it was care fully announced in the Boston morning papers that the Hon. Mr. ——— would, at noon on that day, take his two sons to the office of the provost marshal to swell the Union ranks. Of course the office was crowded, and precisely at twelve the distinguished gentleman entered flanked by an able-bodied son on either hand. Stopping at the middle of the room the statesman struck an attitude, cleared his throat and exclaimed:

"Mr. Provost Marshal."

"Mr. ———," was the response.

"Mr. Provost Marshal," continued the statesman, "the country is in danger and needs the support of her sons. I have come here, sir, with my boys, to add to the number of those who are to march beneath the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

Here the old gentleman drew a ponderous wallet, took out two slips of paper, and proceeded:

"Colored substitutes are to be procured, I am informed, at \$400 each, and here, sir, are two checks on the Merchants' Bank, each for \$400. Take them. Obtain colored substitutes with the proceeds, and send those substitutes to the front, to die in defence of the Union. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*." Mr. Commissioner, I have the honor to wish you good morning."

And the great man, smiling benignantly, left the office, while the reporters of the evening papers hastened to get accounts of this patriotic act in the two o'clock editions of their respective papers.

THE other day a woman shipped her husband's remains and a dog over the Central. At Albany she appeared at the door of the baggage car to see how they were getting along.

"How does he seem to be doing?" she asked with a sniff.

"Who, the corpse?" inquired the baggage-master, kindly.

"No, the dog."

"Oh, he's comfortable!" replied the baggage-master.

"Anybody been sitting down on him?"

"Who, the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

"Certainly not," answered the baggage-man.

"Does it seem cool enough in here for him?"

"For who, the corpse?"

"No, the dog."

"I think so," grinned the baggage-master.

"Does the jolting appear to affect him any?"

"Affect who, the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

"I don't believe it does."

"You'll keep an eye on him: won't you?" she asked, wiping a tear away.

"On who, the corpse?"

"No, the dog."

And having secured the baggage-man's promise she went back to her couch, apparently contented.

SOME young ladies are very expert with typewriters. The Railway Exposition closed recently, and it is now in order to tell the following story in point of the pretty blonde young lady whose taper fingers played a type writer on exhibition there. Two youths in white attire stood before her booth one day during the exposition and asked for a sample of type-writing. Quickly her fingers flew over the keys, and a slip of paper inscribed, "This is a sample of So-and-so's type-writing," was handed to the youth.

"Pretty hand, isn't it?" murmured his companion.

The girl colored, but devoted herself to playing on the machine.

"Pretty little hand," repeated the young man, pulling his mustache and trying to look captivated.

Then the girl looked up: "Should you like some type-writing?" she asked shyly.

The young man took the paper gratefully, a sweet and tender smile of triumph adorning his lips. But the smile faded, and a sick-looking creature sneaked away from the conqueror's presence.

The paper she gave him read: "This is a sample of the Chicago dude."

THREE men were in an open boat upon the desert deep. The small stock of bread and water which they had managed to throw into the boat before the good ship went down was long since exhausted, and with parched throats and hunger gnawing in their hearts, they lay waiting for death to end their miseries. Suddenly appeared upon the horizon a dingy white speck; it grew larger and larger until it took the unmistakable outlines of a ship, bearing down upon them at a fourteen knot rate. One of the men, with energy born of joy at this unexpected deliverance, raised himself to his feet and swinging his arms aloft, shouted:

"A sail! a sail!"

One of his companions smiled faintly, while the other began fumbling his pockets in a distracted manner and then cried:

"A sail! Mine gracious! and I don't got no gatalogues!"

"Don't you think ear-rings would become you?" inquired Kosciusko Murphy of Birdie McGee. Kosciusko had been paying Birdie very assiduous attention of late.

"I don't know," said Birdie, demurely.

"I suppose the reason you don't wear them is because it will hurt so to have your ears bored!"

"Oh, not in the least," said Birdie, with animation. "I've had that done already, quite

often, almost every evening, in fact—for the last three weeks."

Then Kosciusko reached round to the piano-drawer, dragged his hat off the cover and commenced to fade gradually from the room. He fairly melted away into obscurity, and now a wide chasm separates the gallant Kosciusko and the charming Birdie.

A CERTAIN member of Parliament, who owned extensive estates, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family to whom the honorable member showed every attention. Just as he was about to take leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him on a matter which, she declared, was causing her no little distress.

"It is reported," said the Countess, "that you are to marry my daughter Lucy, and what shall we do? What shall we say about it?"

"Oh," replied the considerate M. P., with much adroitness, "just say that she refused me."

"What is the difference between a cigar stump and oleomargarine?" asked the grocer of a milkman.

The cow-pumper said that he thought the sugar sander ought to know more about such things than he did, and the hardened grocer replied:

"Because you pass one as a butt, and the other passes for butter."

Chaff.

"It is a mere matter of form," said the lady as she adjusted her corset.

A kitchen joke: The flour of the family—that which turns out the best bread.

Has it ever occurred to base-ball men that a milk pitcher is generally a good fly-catcher?

A coquette is a woman without any heart who makes a fool of a man that ain't got any head.

A young lady calls her beau "Honey-suckle," because he is always hanging over the front railing.

There are people so cross-grained that they wouldn't like things even if they suited them exactly.

The boy who bit into a green apple remarked, with a very face: "Twas ever thus in this kind of fruit."

Love is like the measles, we can't have it but once, and the later in life we have it the tougher it goes with us.

A school-boy remarks that when his father undertakes to "show him what is what" he only finds out what is switch.

An English magazine is speculating as to "the kind of clothes ghosts wear." We always supposed they wore spirit wrappers.

The following is extracted from a smart boy's composition on "Babies." "The mother's heart gives joy at the baby's 1st birth."

Chiaamen make good actors. They never forget their cues. Fishermen do not succeed on the stage. They steal one another's lines.

His lordship (after missing his tenth rabbit) "I'll tell you what it is, Bagster. Your rabbits are two inches too short, hereabouts."

The man who got into the barber's chair, pinned the newspaper round his neck and began to read the towel, may justly be called a self-mutilator.

"Linen may be bleached by electricity." The man with a dirty shirt then has only to connect himself with a telegraph pole, and he may laugh at laundries.

A Vermont editor in publishing one of Byrnes' poems, checked for words. "Oh, good!" to "Oh, good!" because the former was too profane for his readers.

"No," said the Police Superintendent, "we have no time to fritter away looking for robbers and murderers. Our men are kept busy day and night looking up clues."

The drummer never says: "I sold so many goods to So-and-so." He says: "I sold So-and-so." This shows that a drummer can tell the truth when he isn't thinking.

"The billowy apple blossoms break around my brow," sings a poet most beautifully; but we trust he will get away from under the tree before the fuzzy caterpillar makes a break down his back.

It was a little "fresh-air" boy who watched the farmer in the process of milking, until becoming a little tired, he tutored: "How many more of dose dows have you dot to steeze?"

Longfellow said: "In this world man must be either snail or hammer." Longfellow was wrong, however. Lots of men are neither the active hammer nor the sturdy snail. They are nothing but bellows.

Did you ever hear my definition of marriage? It is that it resembles a pair of shears so joined that they can't be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.—*Sidney Smith*.

A French investigator has discovered that the dreams of a person depend on the great measure on which side the sleeper lies. The dreams of a lawyer, then, who habitually lies on both sides must be very much mixed.

"You ought to be in our room now," said Amy, who had a teacher that rules the room. "Well," replied the high school girl, "I'd be ashamed of myself. You should say, 'Governs the horizontal perch on which the fowl repose,' not 'rules the room.'"

A little of the sauce for the gander which has generally been changed for the goose, will be found in the following extract from a will of a lady recently deceased: "I give and bequeath to my husband after my death the use of my house and furniture so long as he shall remain my widower."

Some of the moral people of the hop-growing districts of New York are exercised over the bad morals of the pickers, and say it takes six months for the moral tone of the community to return to its normal level. The *Utica Observer* says it is only seasons when hops are ten to twenty cents per pound that the subject of morality and hop-pickers is ever discussed.

One of the Worst Cases of Erysipelas Cured by Rheumatic Syrup.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., Sept. 15, '83.

Rheumatic Syrup Co.

Gents—Although your remedy is called Rheumatic Syrup, I find it is equally good for other diseases of the blood. Some six weeks since I was taken with erysipelas in my face, so that my eyes were terribly inflamed, and I was a sight to behold, and the pain I suffered was almost beyond the limit of endurance. I was induced to try your Rheumatic Syrup, as it was recommended as a great Blood Purifier, and before I had used all of the second bottle I was entirely cured, and my skin is now as smooth and white as ever. I desire to recommend Rheumatic Syrup to all whose blood is impure.

B. F. KNAPP.

From William Y. Bartlett, postmaster for 25 years at Belgrade, Me.

"I have been troubled with a severe cough for nearly a year; have been treated by two of the best physicians I could find; my case was considered past cure. The physicians said all they could to cure me, and considered my case a hopeless one. Finally, as a last resort I was advised to try Adams' Botanic Cough Balm, to which I owe my present health, which is as good as ever."

WM. Y. BARTLETT, Postmaster, Belgrade, Me.

A fine constitution may be broken and ruined by simple neglect. Many bodily ills result from habitual constipation. There is no medicine equal to Ayer's Pills to correct this evil and restore the system to natural, regular, and healthy action.

The Household.

FEMININE "NOTES BY THE WAY."

In the twilight of a pleasant October day, as near an approach to the "summer of St. Martin" as our unusual season vouchsafed us, we left the City of the Straits, bound for the village of Brighton, Livingston County, in answer to an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Brooks to visit them at their home in Pleasant Valley. As we passed from the dimly lighted village streets, we came into the full glory of the "harvest moon," in the height of its splendor that evening. Not a cloud obscured the sky, and the brilliance of the moonbeams effectually paled the splendor of the stars. A breeze born in Labrador made the warm fire and bountiful supper awaiting us at the end of our four-mile ride not at all unwelcome, and we lingered over the former till midnight, talking over "old times," for Mrs. Brooks and the writer were old schoolmates, though we do not propose to "give ourselves away" by telling how long ago.

The next morning we set off on a ten mile ride to the home of Mr. W. J. Garlock, near Howell. The road led through a pleasant section of farming country, whose gentle undulations brought to mind Longfellow's simile of "troubled sea," as applied to the blue, billowy Alsatian hills. Every hillside was a palette spread with autumnal colors, the flaming scarlet and gold of the maples and sumac, the pure pale yellow of the basswood, the ruddy russet brown of oaks, and all the nameless tints and shades laid on by frost. Here and there the brilliant red berries of the *Viburnum* or a cluster of scarlet wild rose seeds caught the eye; a few late asters, summer's final pledges to autumn, were unharmed, while the golden rod had put off its yellow livery and donned its silvery winter suit. A stray bee or two swung by on indolent search for the last atoms of nectar, and everywhere dead leaves were dropping, falling as leaves do in autumn, inertly, as if they knew they were dead. But to see such well-cleared, evidently fertile fields bordered by such a tangle of hazel brush, wild grape vines, scrub trees and rampant weeds as lined the roadside in many places seems to indicate a want of proper pride in the good appearance of the highways, or else that farmers in that section use wide tire wagons and are entitled to a "quarter off" on highway taxes.

Our visit with Mr. and Mrs. Garlock and Mrs. W. K. Sexton, who was also present, was very enjoyable. There are three interesting little people here, Miss Bessie and Masters Harry and Foster. After dinner—and a ten mile ride does give one an "awful" appetite—we inspected the Shropshire sheep, Mr. Garlock's specialty. Rosa Bonheur must have chosen Shropshires for the models of her famous "Sheep in the Highlands," the \$16,000 picture in the Art Loan, for there are the same black faces and black stockings, the same long, fleecy wool, parting in flakes. They are handsome animals, symmetrical, imposing in size, tame and submissive. "Roderick Dhu," at the head of the flock, is far too gentle to cause a modern "Snowdon's knight" to echo that famous defiance.

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I."

Wherever we go among the breeders of the State we note with pleasure the interest the children take in the animals, and the readiness with which they distinguish and describe them, and there was no exception to the rule here. It only remains for parents to educate and intensify this interest in order to solve that agricultural conundrum of how to keep the boys on the farm.

The next day it rained, because, as our host wickiedly remarked, "all the women were out of the day before" but escorted by Master Louis Brooks, the nine-year-old lad whose affection for the Household Editor led him to name his pet Shorthorn after her, we went to see the cattle cropping the late grass in the pasture. Short-horns, of course; you would not expect any other on a farm owned by a Brooks, and deserving the title given so often, "the lordly Shorthorns." Because of the rain we missed seeing the Merino sheep kept here.

Pleasant Valley seems well named; in summer the country must be very beautiful. The roads are generally good, owing to the gravelly subsoil, and Mr. Brooks was congratulating himself on a good yield of corn, undoubtedly due to the porous nature of the soil. But the rain set in, a steady downpour that spoiled our plans for the day, and laid a misty veil over the fields and distant slopes; a rain that set farmers to looking up "rainy day jobs" and left the highway an untraveled thoroughfare. Here all labor seemed suspended, the fields were deserted, the cattle gathered under the trees or ate on with stoical indifference to the weather, the chickens foraged about with that air of discomfort and lack of resignation to existing circumstances which has passed "as mad as a wet hen" into a proverb. In town we knew there were overflowing gutters, slippery walks, seas of mud at the street crossings, but the busy tide of traffic went on under waterproof coats and umbrellas, just the same as if skies were smiling.

We turned from the sodden fields and dripping trees to watch the process of extracting honey from the comb. Mr. Brooks has an apiary of sixteen swarms, and has been very successful, considering that he only keeps bees "for the fun of it," and gives them little time or attention. The principle of the extractor, like that of most useful inventions, is simple; one wonders, remembering how long we ate "strained honey" drained from an unwinning mess of broken comb, brood, dead bees, etc., that "nobody thought of it before." The invention illustrates centrifugal force, which tends to cause a body when rapidly revolved to fly from the centre of motion. A tin cylinder is furnished with a framework to support the sections of uncapped honey placed in it, the frame is made to revolve rapidly, the honey is thrown from the comb and

trickles down the side of the extractor, while the cells of the comb remain intact. The comb may then be returned to the hive, where the bees will, in a time of honey harvest, set to work and fill and cap it again, thus furnishing another example of the natural law of repetition to those housekeepers who are always complaining of having to do the same thing over and over again.

At dusk the rain ceased, and through the darkness we were conveyed to the depot in time for the evening train into the city, rested by the change, the better for the cementing of old friendships and the formation of new, and able to answer truly the question, "Have a good time?" in the one word, "Delightful!"

FROM "HYPERION."

I have just finished reading "Hyperion," a prose romance of Longfellow's, which somehow seems so quaint and odd that one, unaware of its authorship, would easily believe it a translation from the German. Finding some beautiful thoughts in it, I have transcribed a few for the benefit of those who have never read it.

In speaking of the lives of literatures, their hopes and disappointments, their calamities and privations, he says: "The greatest lesson which the lives of these men teach us is told in a single word: Wait! * * * With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemnity, nor less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man wait. Not in listless idleness—not in useless pastime—not in querulous dejection,—but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes, he may be ready for the occasion. * * * It is the part of an indolent and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame,—about what the world says of us;—to be always looking into the faces of others for approval, to be always anxious for the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices. Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can, without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after."

Our author hits that large class who are greatly exercised over trifles, by saying: "Did you never have the misfortune to live in a community where a difficulty in the parish seemed to announce the end of the world? And again of those who are 'learned in the Clothes-Philosophy,' judging character from outward habiliments, he quotes "Frau Himmelslaue": "She says you have a rakish look because you carry a cane, and your hair curls. Your gloves, also, are a shade too light for a virtuous man."

Again he tells us: "One by one the objects of our affection depart from us. But our affections remain, and like vines stretch forth their broken, wounded tendrils for support. The bleeding heart needs a balm to heal it, and there is none but the love of its kind,—none but the affection of a human heart. * * * There is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love,—the first fluttering of its silken wings; the first rising sound or breath of wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy!"

His account of the Rhine glacier is a beautiful bit of descriptive writing: "It is a frozen cataract which fills the whole valley between two mountains, running back to their summits. At the base it is arched like a dome; and above jagged, rugged, and resembles a mass of gigantic crystals of a pale emerald tint, mingled with white. A snowy crust covers its surface, but at every rent and crevice the pale green ice shines clear in the sun. Its shape is that of a glove, lying palm downwards, and the fingers crooked and close together. It is a gauntlet of ice which centuries ago Winter, the king of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the Sun; and year by year the Sun vainly strives to lift it from the ground on the point of its glittering spear."

BEATRICE.

A CANADIAN FAIR.

It was my good fortune to be one of a pleasant party that made a hurried visit to Niagara Falls recently, and as this was my first visit to that place of wonders, it was a pleasure of the first magnitude. Although I had read and heard many descriptions of the place and surroundings, I found many of my formed impressions were very mistaken. But it is not my purpose to rehearse after a description. All are inadequate; one must see for themselves to fully understand its beauty and grandeur.

Returning, we stopped at London awhile, and made a brief visit to the Western Fair, then in progress at that place.

The first thing that arrested attention was the large and nicely arranged grounds, and the extensive and substantial buildings. This is the natural sequence of permanent holding. The main building, known as the "palace," is octagonal in shape, three stories high, crowned with a cupola. The entrance are through extended buttresses, with heavy double doors. Each higher story is contracted in dimensions, thus giving sky-lights to each story. In the lower story are exhibited woman's handiwork, sewing machines and dry grocery displays. A more numerous, full or varied display it would be hard to conceive of. Rival grocers proffered a cup of tea to any who cared for it, with milk, sugar and cake. In the second story was a fine display of pictures and statuary. What use was made of the third story I did not learn, as I pushed my investigations no higher. A hall over 400 feet long, rough but weather proof, was lighted by seventy windows, and tastefully trimmed throughout with wreaths of evergreen. This was divided into five sections, used for the display of vegetables, grain, dairy products

procurement of a license is granted to the owners of the premises, and the premises are to be sold by the Probate Court of the County of Wayne, Michigan, to the highest bidder, on the 12th day of December, at 12 o'clock noon, sell at public vendue in front of the premises, all the interest of said subdivided lot in lot three (3) of D. Griffin's unit and subdivision eight (8) of Western's section of the Labrosse estate, north of the Grand River road, in the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan. For information apply to the undersigned, or to the undersigned attorneys, at the residence of the undersigned, Detroit, Michigan.

TIMOTHY O'CONNOR,
Attorneys, Detroit, Michigan.